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THAT MAGAZINE FROM CiTR fm 102

JULY 1990

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Consolidated

à:GRUMH...



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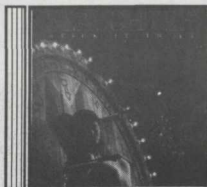
MARIANNE FAITHFULL
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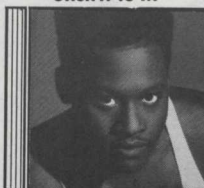


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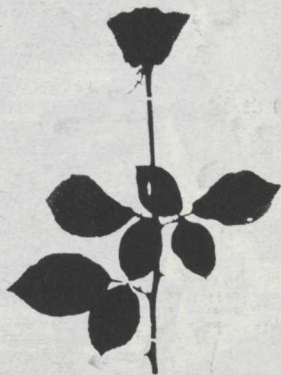
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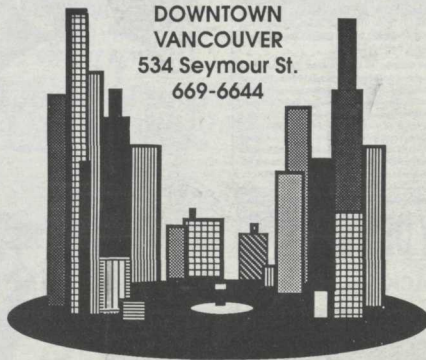


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CASSETTES SUCK BUT...

Dear Airhead,

This letter, my first to Disorder, is in response to Susan Ferran's comments about bands putting out cassettes. I tend to agree with her that cassettes do, in fact, SUCK. However, I hope she is only attacking the format, and not the content or effort that independent bands put into these things. As many would agree, the cassette format is good only as a medium to temporarily hold musical information. No matter how well you take care of them and your equipment, the cassette loses much of its brilliance and clarity after repeated playings. The CD and vinyl formats are the only real ways to collect and preserve the recordings which we fanatics hold so dear. (NB for record companies: You folks are phasing out the wrong format! Idiots.) I really feel sorry for the young mall rats... when they hit thirty and want to listen to stuff that they grooved to when they were teens (Bobby Brown, Paula Abdul et al), all they'll have

is a box of muddy sounding 'cassingles.' Oh well, disposable music in a disposable format.

Getting back to the main reason for writing this letter, the cassette is the best medium for indie bands to get their stuff out early. Cassettes are inexpensive, you can record them on simple equipment, you can do your own cover/liner notes on any photocopy, you can pack them along at gigs, etc, the list goes on. Some of the best music I've ever heard was on cassette-only releases. Does the fact that Bruno Gerussi's Medallion have their extremely boring music on vinyl and CD make them a better band? I think not. As a host of a cassette-only radio show at our local campus 'alternative' (uh-oh, there's that nasty word) station, I should point out to Ms. Ferran that the next up and coming 54-40 and NoMeansNo's of the West Coast scene are now putting out excellent music in the cassette format. In fact, two out of every three cassettes that our station gets from Canadian indie bands are from Western Canada, and many of them make the



charts, right up there with Camper van Beethoven and the Stone Roses.

I suggest to Ms. Ferran and all other Disorder readers to scrounge around for cassettes by Jr. Gone Wild (Folk You...), A Merry Cow, Roots Roundup, 64 Funny-cars, and absolutely any of the half-dozen put out by the heaviest unsigned band

around, MARY!

Happy listening,
Carl Jorgenson
Sudbury, Ontario

P.S. When's the next Reid Fleming comic coming out?

Our inside sources inform us that Reid Fleming #5 is only half drawn. So it will probably be awhile yet.

THE MAN FOX

Dear Airhead,

Re: "Man Scan" by Lomm Sorbay, June 1990 edition.

Reply: "Verdict - #1 Morning Show in Vancouver!"

Thanks for the support! Not guilty!"

Regards,
Jim Johnston
Judge & Director of Programming
99.3 The Fox

ned affront to christian decency. I hate your "Roland" cartoon, which ridicules such honourable persons as movie stars, advertising tycoons, and television game show hosts.

And I especially hate the mindless people who write letters to such a revolting magazine.

Contemptuously yours,
Dan Reed
Prince George, B.C.

P.S. the \$15 is enclosed.

DISORDER HATE CLUB

O Hated Disorder Staff,

Please oh please sign me up for the Disorder Hate Club. I've been reading that loathsome rag for more than a year now and I hate it! I hate your record reviews, which never review albums by good bands like Tiffany or the New Kids on the Block. I hate your new format, which only increases the amount of paper I have to cram into the bird cage. I hate your use of foul language, which is a goddam-

Yes, you too can join Dan and the rest of the elite group of Disorder Hate Club members. Just send us \$15 (Canadian residents), US\$15 (Yankees), or \$24 (Other) of your hard-earned cash and tell us what you hate about Disorder. You will receive a one year subscription to this magazine as well as an authentic hate club membership card.

ERRATA

The incomparable Leigh R. Wolf should have been credited for the Psychic TV piece in the June Disorder.

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The purpose of our meeting today is precisely to fit art and literature properly into the whole revolutionary machine as one of its component parts, to make them a powerful weapon for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and annihilating the enemy with one heart and one mind.

- Mao Tse-Tung, Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Art and Literature (May 23, 1942) (Pe-king: Foreign Language Press, 1956)

Consolidated are a group of individuals from San Francisco (lyricist, MC and vocalist Adam Sherburne; drummer, electronic percussionist and video creator Philip Steir; and keyboard operator and audio technician Mark Pistel) who create electronic dance music with an industrial bent which is almost exclusively created from samples of rap acts such as Public Enemy and NWA. But they aren't merely doing this. On top of their technology-driven beat, political messages are set in motion.

In the white trunks is Lloyd Uliana's conversation with Adam Sherburne. In the grey trunks is how Mr. Sherburne stacked up against Simon Frith's "Sound Effects: Youth, Leisure, and the Politics of Rock 'n' Roll," a second year arts textbook. Let's begin.

Discorder: Are you in the middle of a tour right now?

Sherburne: No, the show in Vancouver will be the first date of it.

D: You haven't done anything yet?

S: Well, we've played a few gigs around the Bay Area but no extensive travelling yet.

D: Where does the Myth of Rock Tour intend on taking you?

S: Probably to hell and back given that it's in the U.S. and that we don't have the kind of draw that will fit us into rooms that we need to be in from city to city. We're just gonna have to take our chances with immense drives and cut off as much territory as possible but I'm sure we'll get to the east coast around the time of the New Music Seminar. Fucked-up American kids from huge out of the way sheep fucking Klan towns in the deep south or in the remote corners of the country will hopefully come out and see us.

D: How well is the LP doing for you or is the matter really insignificant?

S: I talk to people who tell me that it's going up and that it's going down. It's really the most secondary concern for us. Our record company seems to be happy with the mileage it's getting and we're pleasantly surprised with the shows that we've played where it has been receiving a little airplay. The shows have been well attended. So that's about the only gauge I have for it. Charts (laughs) are a joke.

D: Much of the questioning of popular music comes from the outside... academia.... Where do you see yourselves fitting into the whole picture of questioning again what you call the "myth of rock"?

S: I don't know if the picture has been fully drawn out or realized yet. I would say we fit in the picture in that no matter who we think we are, for every grain of success that we may have with people individually, in the community or just in our audience we have an entire sea of analytical failure in terms of getting our point across or our undeveloped points across along with other bands, music, entertainment or cultural figures trying to question the myth of their discipline or discourse or whatever. It just simply is insubstantial to be a successful culture industry producer.

If we happen to have a career as musicians that's unacceptable. We have to keep striving to find some kind of balance in the midst of all the chaos and so just to be recognised as musicians or as people in this tiny little subgenre of critique-oriented music. I don't think there's a whole lot standing out anyway. It's no different than what any other politically-based protest singer of the 60's or 70's is doing.

The suggestion that musicians can be placed in two groups-"those who want to make it more than anything else, and those who care more about their music than they do for money or adulation"-and that by the mid 1970s the former had taken rock over from the latter. (Chapter 5: "Making Records," page 91)

S: There's little bits and pieces that are quite self-explanatory about the general contradictory nature of white guys in a rock band who have a serious problem with the legacy of white people in rock music. So these are easy points for listeners to catch on to but I'd say the times when people best understand us is in our live performance when at the end of the show we put ourselves on the spot to answer to the audience and we let them make any comments, critiques or suggestions or ask any question they want. It's at that point where they become part of our project. And that's when everybody understands what's up. Otherwise we're trying to make the points clear in some ways and point out the contradictions when there can't be a black and white point. I think it remains to be seen whether we have any success or whether people in the press or people who listen to our records understand what we are saying.

Radical music critics usually analyze rock not in terms of form and content but in terms of production and consumption: the argument is either that the ideological meaning of music lies in the way it is commercially produced, in its commodity form, or that consumers create their own meanings out of the commodities offered. (Chapter 3: "Rock and Mass Culture," page 56)

D: At what point in your lives or working careers did you decide to pick up this form of protest?

S: At different points in our lives. We've all been involved in different areas of our community in terms of working at whatever small or insignificant level to somehow try to impact social conditions. The other question of have we always made this form of protest in the music: obviously not. We're all coming from musical experiences that are wholly exploitive and negative and really unacceptable and that was our fault and we're trying to learn from them now.

One of the points of our experiment is to see if we can possibly make music that we feel is somewhat fulfilling or challenging or at least willing to challenge the hegemony or hegemonic status of the industry whereas in the past we had been really resigned; either resigned in a chemically dependent way or resigned in a profiteering way enough to buy into the system and be on huge corporate nazi labels, and try to make music and realise that there's not a whole lot of difference from any major or any indie or any type of guitar you play. The point being that we were very resigned in terms of what we could accomplish. Now I think in terms of the nature of the protest that we have allows for the listener, the audience, to participate.

Historians of American popular music argue that musical innovation has always come from outside the major record companies. "Independent" companies have been the outlet for the expression of new ideas and interests, and only when such ideas have been shown to be popular have the major companies used their financial advantages to take them over, to turn them into new, "safe" products. (Chapter 5: "Making Records," page 89)

DISORDER!

INTRO: ADAM SLOAN MEAT: LLOYD ULIANA



Consolidated photo Leonard Whistler

D: The art process requires that audiences be active, informed, critical. Does that make the music of Consolidated "art" per se or still a commodity?

S: No, I'd say that we would definitely perceive ourselves as absolutely more commodification than art. Obviously one has been totally qualified, and defined by the other for well over 300 years now. So it's important for us to always point out the fact that there's no such thing as art that other people receive without it being a commodity. These are old points that everybody, as you said, in academia or in different realms understand.

In the music biz especially in the business of recreating old crap and calling it alternative or new, or industrial or electronic it is totally dependent on the fact that people keep somehow masking the idea that this is simply a commodity and trying to create new definitions of its authenticity. So we're always pointing out at first that we are a commodity-based and within commodity-based economy and a commodity society we just have to keep putting out images and musical images that make people aware of that and aware of maybe the possibility they do have once they realize that this art stuff that they've bought into is not going to give them any of the liberation or freedom from their enslavement that art is supposed to promise.

The belief in a continuing struggle between music and commerce is the core of rock ideology. At certain moments artists and audiences break through the system, but most of the time business interests are in control. (Chapter 3: "Rock and Mass Culture," page 40-41)

D: Do you think roadside buskers point more towards a genuine art form than most popular music?

S: They just rid themselves of the trappings and artifices of the industry which is great if they can do that. I know a lot of people who busk because they're simply sick of the constraints of having to make music under the competitive conditions that the culture industry puts on them.

D: Is that what "Josephine the Singer" is all about: the notion of the singer bucking under external pressures? (lyric: "Josephine the singer illustrates the final stage of the capitalist amusement industry's expropriation and manipulation of the role of the musician in society.")

S: No. It's a very short song and sort of an introduction to all the ideas that we're hopefully going to put forth over the course of the next records about what the contradiction of being a musician in a competitive society is. There's a lot of other points.

There's potential value in playing music if you do things in a way that is positive and growth oriented and helps you out or helps someone else out through your music. There's a million other aspects of the nature of "Josephine the Singer" about the horribly negative and exploitive aspect of attempting to play music in competitive society. But I'd say the term "Josephine the Singer," taken from a Kafka story, is supposed to indicate that in spite of huge corporate evolution and control of culture, a lot of things remain fundamentally the same. Simply, that is when you make music as a commodity you're still going to be subject to the same constraints and the same parameters within which anybody is trying to produce culture either on a corporate scale or down on the sidewalks below your flat.

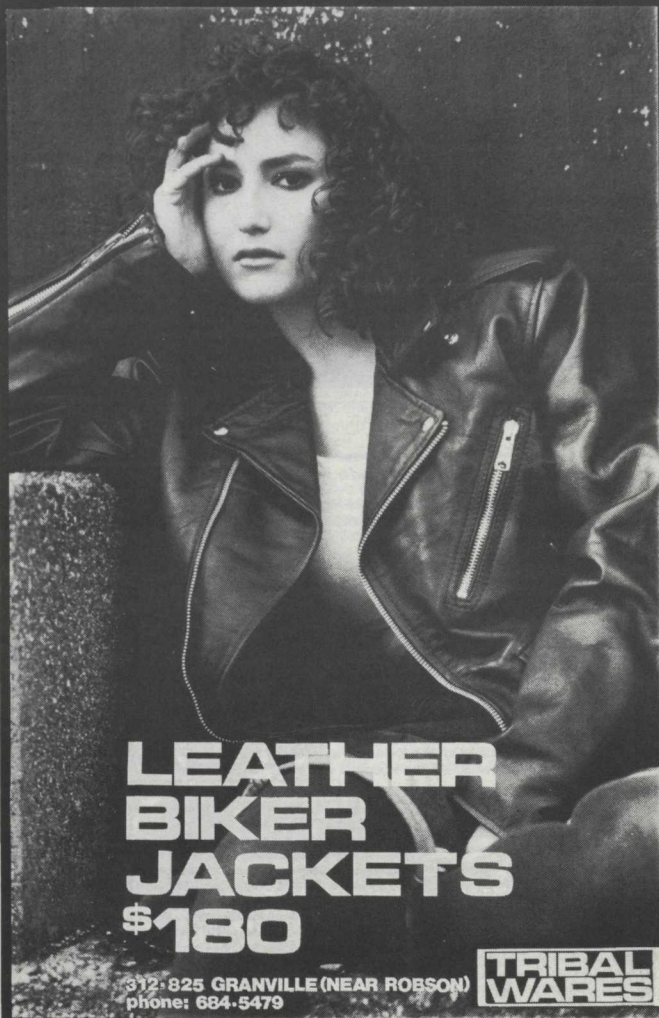
The technology of rock has contradictory implications: amplification and recording, the basic means of rock expression, enable the businessman to take control. As local live performers, musicians remain a part of their community, subject to its values and needs, but as recording artists they experience the pressures of the market; they automatically become "rock 'n' roll imperialists," pursuing national and international sales. (Chapter 3: "Rock and Mass Culture," page 51)

D: Did you get MTV's blessing for use of the "on MTV" clip on the "Product" track?

S: Good question. The people at the record company went to all the different publishing companies to have the rights to whatever drops we used from different songs on the "Myth of Rock" LP. We got attacked by some and got clearance from others but we haven't heard anything from them on that particular bit. I think the lawyer and the people in legal positions at the record company are probably more fearful of MTV than they are of any other cumulative sort of (laughs) attacks from all these other publishing companies. So, I don't know what's happening.

Simon Frith, "Sound Effects: Youth Leisure, and the Politics of Rock 'n' Roll" (New York: Pantheon, 1981).





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- "Danger Zone" from A Hard Day's Knight

We never wanted to promote homosexuality because there's one gay in the band which actually is me. The other members of the band are straight or bisexual men. We never wanted to promote homosexuality, just as we never wanted to promote heterosexuality. We think everyone has their own choice. You can choose what you want but you have to be informed of all the possible choices. Sexuality is like religion: if you want to choose a religion you should be able to choose it when you are 18 or able to make responsible decisions for yourself and then to choose between Buddhism or anything you want. But you have to be informed. You have to know the choices. The same for sexuality. Maybe in a way everybody should try everything before choosing. It's the only way we try to push our listeners. We emphasise that everyone is free of their choice.

- S03

From Charleroi, Belgium emerged what Dave Henderson of Sounds Magazine called "the world's most militantly hardcore gay dance group": a;GRUMH.... In existence for nearly a decade, the trio of J07 Cram-Nae (vocals), Jerry WX (video and percussion) and original S03 (synth and guitar) haven't enjoyed the level of recognition from North American audiences that has befallen contemporaries Young Gods, Cassandra Complex, and compatriots Front 242, but still managed to trudge onto these shores just this past spring in support of their "Hard Day's Knight" LP.

Discorder: It has been said that the addition of disease and death to the homosexual identity defined by right wing society as being "deviant," combined with a decade of conservatism have made the prospect of "coming out" even more difficult/intimidating.

S03: We saw the difference first in the gay ghettos; in the saunas and the bars, you could meet less and less

people. It was more and more difficult to meet new people because they were afraid to come into gay ghettos. They were afraid of disease. I will say that the problem of the disease in the gay community is solved. Almost solved. Very quickly, the gay community and the drug addicts' community understood that they had to use preservatifs and that they had to use clean needles and things like that to avoid disease. So all these people on the front line learned very quickly how to protect themselves against this disease. Now, it's a problem of straight people. Maybe in Europe they have become convinced that they have to use preservatifs, especially the young people, but older people still don't consider AIDS as something they should be concerned with. They still think it's more a problem of gay people. That's a big mistake.

It's of course even more difficult for homosexuals to come out, to accept themselves and to tell their parents and their friends that they are gay because you are immediately considered a possible AIDS-infected person. But I can't say more about this because I don't have examples of this in my area and among my friends.

D: It has also been said that feminists and black activists have fought for freedom but for gays, "liberation is too strong a word," according to one gay student union spokesperson. "I don't think we're necessarily breaking free," he says. Rather "we're breaking down people's preconceived ideas." What would you add to this?

S03: It's maybe more important that people should change their ideas of gay people than that gays should reach a sort of liberty or freedom. In fact I'm quite glad of the non-freedom of homosexuality because I like to cruise a lot. If there weren't ghettos, if there weren't bars and saunas especially for gays, it would be more difficult to find men to get laid with.

I have very different ideas and very separate ideas of sex and love. I love somebody, I live with him, but we are both free to go and get some sex anywhere else if we want. We have a very good balance in our relationship

sexually and affectionately. Apart from that we like to go to the cinema and to restaurants. Sometimes we also like to go and fuck some men. All this is done in a very safe way because we don't want disease to spoil our relationship. We try to be very careful.

In my opinion I'm not really interested that gay people should be totally free because then we would be mixed everywhere, straight and gay people in bars and discos. It would be as difficult to cruise a man for a gay man as it is difficult to cruise a girl for a boy because when a boy cruises a girl, fifty percent of the time you have to go to a restaurant, you have to talk and talk and talk and then maybe go to bed, even if during the whole time you met the girl and talked and so on, the only idea you have on your mind and the only idea she has on her mind is "let's go to bed!" We prefer firstly to go to bed with somebody that attracts us physically then maybe start a friendship or a spiritual relationship with him if he's

about it all the time. Just as Mick Jagger doesn't speak about his straightness or whatever all the time. Straight singers do not sing about straightness and heterosexuality, so I don't see why gay people should speak and sing about their homosexuality. In this case I should say no, but of course if somebody sees me I'm not really looking like a queen with cosmetics about my face. If people are still foolish enough to have this view of homosexuality maybe I'm helping to destroy this stereotype.

D: Frontline Assembly and Ministry to a degree call for violence as a means against systems of oppression. Ministry, I believe, calls for civil disobedience and the destruction of the corporate infrastructure. a;GRUMH has been referred to as "radical," "militant," "reactionary".... Are you nihilistic in any degree? What are your feelings on the use of violence as a means to an end?

S03: My opinion personally is that violence is totally useless. Violence shouldn't be used in any situation. Of course, in Romania for example, violence had to be used to create freedom or a certain kind of freedom because we don't know if the actual government of Romania is a real true democratic one or not. We don't push people to violence at all even in our songs. I think discussion is always positive because it's an exchange of opinions which leads to solutions. We don't call for revolution or anarchy in any way. I deeply think that we live quite well in our respective countries. If you just think that people die from hunger in other parts of the world, if you just think that people are not able to write or express themselves in several other parts of the world, we should be happy to be in a land where people can work and if they don't work they get money for doing nothing. Some people try to find work and other people don't try at all, they just live on the expenses of the government. So, we should be happy to live in this kind of situation even if there are people dying from hunger

in the street; but in many instances people want to get out from the society and deny themselves the possibility of help and assistance. Maybe I'm wrong on some points, but we do live in quite good conditions.

D: Right wing homophobia and the AIDS hysteria have pushed the topic of legalised homosexual marriage to the forefront in North America as it is probably viewed as a public health measure. Overall, the gay movement has avoided the issue primarily out of fear of division. Much of the gay leadership supports the notion of gay life being essentially outsider... anti-bourgeois... radical. Marriage in reality is seen as a co-optation into straight society. What are your views on homosexual marriage?

S03: I don't generally promote any kind of radical way of living. People have to feel right to do what they want. I don't care personally about weddings and marriage. I don't see why I should ask permission, authorisation or any kind of regulation about my decision to live with somebody or not to live with somebody. It just concerns him and me and that's all. Of course, homosexual people living together should have the same rights as heterosexual people living together but this has nothing to do with marriage in itself. Rights of people living together should be something totally separate from the wedding organisation.

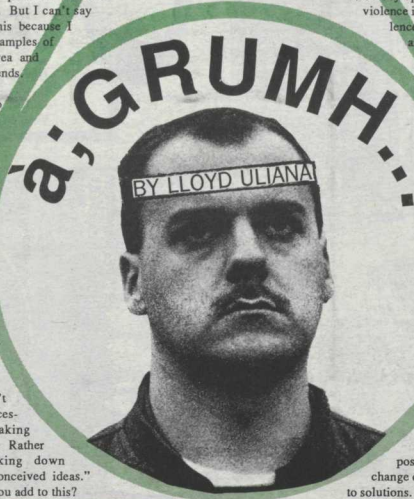
D: a;GRUMH may be opposed to complete assimilation into (hetero) society, yet with corporate gay acts like Erasure, Dead or Alive, Communards, Bronski Beat, etc, whose homosexuality is not overt in the music itself. Their convictions are so diluted that they are mainstream culture. Would you care to discuss your views on this?

S03: Well, I just think that Bronski Beat at the beginning was a very strong homo-militant band but I don't really think homosexuality needs militancy anymore because the majority of the public is aware of what is homosexual: what it looks like, what it is supposed to do or not to do, and I hope that it is just a question of time before people accept homosexuality just as they accept heterosexuality.

D: Any last words?

S03: The last thing I want to say is that I'm very interested in meeting any kind of hairy teddy bears from the USA that can write me at the address of the band: BP 1649, B-6030 Charleroi, Belgium. You can write if you are very hairy and very fat (laughs).

(Catalogue and mail-order enquiries also welcomed through this address.)



interesting: the body first, the spirit afterwards. That's perhaps something that would be shocking to straight, conservative people but it's our way of thinking and my way to think.

D: Do you feel a;GRUMH have any responsibilities or commitments to breaking down stereotypes and preconceived heterosexual views of homosexuality?

S03: I should say yes and no because we don't want, as I said before, to promote homosexuality or to talk



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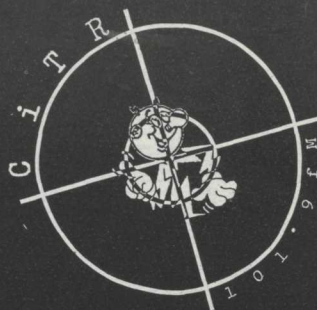
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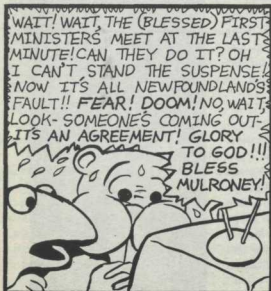
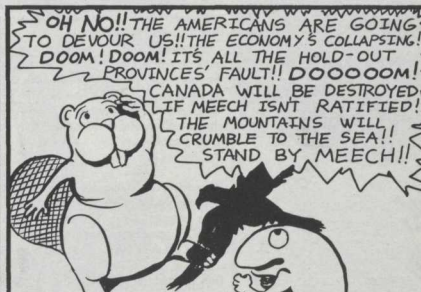
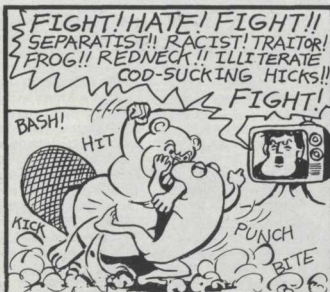
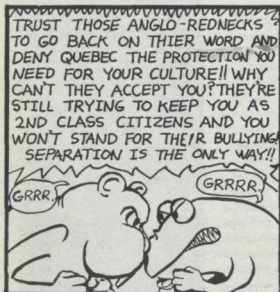
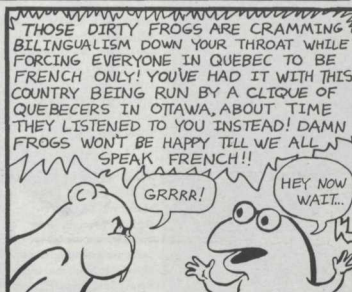
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CHAPTER ONE

☆ **SOCIALIST TURTLE** ☆





I have a theory (it will probably be proclaimed fanciful) that the Essex countryman's character owes at least something of its quality to the nature of his landscape. Clay and sky are all the heavy clay that tears the soles off a man's boots and the wide open sky where he hears the larks singing. And my theory is that just this combination helps to give the Essex countryman his odd mixture of harsh realism and tender poetry.

C. Henry Warren in Essex, 1980

"I don't think our music particularly reflects our environment. It was rare. It was very conservative. It was very safe. We were always very bored and very energetic and our music is more a reflection of our reaction against what was going on around us. We were like the antipathy of our surroundings. We're a complete reaction against it. The aggressiveness, the energy level, it's almost a total mirror of where we came from."

Those words came from the mouth of Bon Harris, one half of Chelmsford, Essex's Nitzer Ebb, the region's second most celebrated contribution to post-chloro-fluoro-carbon-consuming society, ranking closely behind the annual Epping Forest Stag Hunt. Harris and cohort Doug McCarthy plus various percussionists have redefined electronic-based underground dance music with their distinctive hardcore punk hyper-aggression fused with the precision, discipline and the inhuman-bordering-on-sado-masochistic unrelenting rhythms of machines. Disorder introduces you to... Nitzer Ebb.

Disorder: So you're on tour with Depeche Mode. They've finally been accepted wholeheartedly by the MTV generation. Are you at all turning off their fans?

Bon Harris: No, precisely the opposite. I'd say that a lot of people who perhaps hadn't heard of us before or weren't familiar with our music are going the other way, relating to it and getting into it.

D: What has been the biggest complaint that Nitzer Ebb have received? For instance, an article on a GRUMH states that the band has been accused, as have Depeche Mode, of "being less spontaneous or instinctual" because of our employment of technology and machines. Is that something that Nitzer Ebb has run up against?

B: The way we look at it as a band is that electronic music is still relatively infant. It's the newest style of music that there is and consequently

people are constantly finding new ways to do things. There's a lot of new parameters involved when you're making electronic music. Quite a lot of the bands in the past have perhaps settled for the constrictions and limitations. We feel that perhaps we are part of a new breed of electronic band that are skirting around the limitation of using machines. We free ourselves as much as we can. We do the most physical things that we can on stage. We put the spontaneity and the energy in ourselves.

Obviously the fact that some of it has to be programmed does take away a certain improvisational aspect of it but then again we're not particularly into that anyway. There are ways of doing that, which we haven't explored yet, but I don't think it's really a fair accusation. It's just a different way to make music. There are different parameters involved. There's also a lot of constrictions with a standard rock-type format but nobody likes to talk about them; everybody knows it and they're familiar with it. So, people don't consider the limitations there either.

D: "Showtime" has on it some jazz and swing elements, specifically on "Nobody Knows," "One Man's Burden," and the percussion, wind instruments and brass on "Lightning Man."

B: Yeah, it's just showing more of our influences and more of the different emotional feels that we want to get across in our music; trying to reemphasize the fact that we are a band, an individual band whereas a lot of people like to throw you in some kind of category which we're very wary of. There's more than one side to our music. Plus we wanted to attack more traditional songwriting structures. It's just moving on to different challenges within what you do.

We're known for doing the sort of quite stark hard dance music. But there are other things that influence us. We've always been intrigued by whether we could combine all these different things that we see and hear around us and still have a Nitzer Ebb identity, which I think we did on "Showtime." It's quite pleasing for us to be able to draw on those influences as diverse as swing and blues music but still sound like ourselves.

D: It demands more of an active role from the listener vis-a-vis "That Total Age" and "Belief."

B: It's more challenging, I think. There's a lot of raised eyebrows when people hear it for the first time if they're familiar with our music. But I haven't particularly met anyone who thinks it's bad. They take a while to adjust but once they're adjusted, they can see the logic. They

can see exactly what we're doing and most people sort of admit that it is more listenable than the other ones. The first two were more sort of "doing music"; they made you get up and dance. There are tracks on here that are more listenable, that you think about a little bit more.

That to us is like a positive thing because if we had just put out something that people would listen to and go "Oh yeah, Nitzer Ebb, good, file under Nitzer Ebb," then we're not particularly challenging them as listeners. Perhaps we're not moving on as much as artists, so for us it's a good thing. Some people don't particularly like the fact that they have to change and re-evaluate because they were comfortable with identifying us and how they know us as Nitzer Ebb. We have to be interested in making music and we have to make it honestly and impulsively and so that means that we have to think about it. If we're constantly thinking about re-evaluating it, then there are going to be changes. There are going to be different sides of us that we want to show.

D: How and why did you hook up with Ralph Dorper of Die Krupps and re-do "Fair Day's Work"?

B: Well, when we were working on the "Belief" album, Ralph phoned us up and said he was thinking about doing this track, would we be interested in (a) remaking it for them, or (b) actually perform on it. Die Krupps had been one of the bands that we used to listen to when we were quite into German electronic music in the early 80's and picked up a few Die Krupps tracks. We were quite into them, so for us it was a real nostalgic thing and sort of flattering to be asked to do it although we were under no illusions why they wanted us to do it but from our point of view; it was a nostalgic thing and we agreed. We were on tour in Europe with the Belief album and we stopped by and did a few vocals and bits of percussion on it and then we mixed a couple of versions for them and there it was.

D: Nitzer Ebb has also received some heat from the media for being tied to fascist/National Front elements. How would you set your fans in Canada straight on this issue?

B: Well, originally a lot of the imagery that we were interested in was very stark and very aggressive. We've got a philosophy that if you want to do something and you can see a reason for doing it and you're not stepping on anyone's toes, then you should do it. We had an image that I guess some people could have found offensive but we had our reasons for doing it. We wanted to do it so we saw no reason why we couldn't use and abuse images from the past that didn't particularly have any rele-

vance to us and re-evaluate them and re-use them for our own means and for our own aims so we just went on ahead with the strength of our convictions. We know our political stance, we considered it to be moral and right. A lot of the accusations that were being thrown at us-being fascists, etc.-were completely absurd. We were confident in what we

NITZER EBB

**WON'T YOU COME
AND JOIN BON IN
HIS VIOLENT
PLAYGROUND?
BY LLOYD ULIANA**



ism and just want to see the bad side of things so you can't really stop them from doing it. If they've made up their mind that they want to see the bad thing, it's pretty hard to dissuade people.

D: On "That Total Age" you thank Richard 23 of Front 242. They are obviously a major influence on Nitzer Ebb and vice-versa. What exactly is your relationship to them?

B: Well, the reason that Richard and Front 242 were mentioned on that record is when we were starting, it was quite a struggle in England because the music industry was dominated by guitar music. Synthesizers were a bit of a dirty word and especially we were using them; we had this rather aggressive sort of sound and aggressive approach and I think one of the band members picked up a Front 242 release and it was a similar approach and attitude to what we're doing. So we were quite thankful that we weren't alone in battling away. Eventually, our paths crossed. I think we were doing a concert in Belgium and Richard presented himself to us and we had a long chat and shared many similar points of view and got on really well and met the rest of the band. It was just a way of acknowledging them.

D: Sort of like Nitzer Ebb and Front 242 vs. the world!

B: (laughs) No, it wasn't really like that but it was just nice to know that there are other people who appreciate what you're doing and other people that understood what you're doing and vice-versa.

D: You played a show with A.R. Kane and the Swans once. What are your impressions of the Swans? Remember, it's easy to be negative.

B: Yeah, I know. I was aware that they're very talented, it's just that you can listen to one or two tracks and be quite over-awed by the power and the intensity of the whole thing but I happen to be one of those people that can't take it for a long time. I respect them immensely, I think they're very talented, but I can't listen to their music for a prolonged period because it gives me a headache.

D: What do you listen to? And don't say Prince.

B: It's totally diverse. I have listened to Prince, I'll have you know (laughs). Before I came away I was listening to things like Red Hot Chili Peppers, John Lee Hooker, Billie Holliday, some classical stuff, The Cult, loads of things, Depeche Mode, Erasure, and Renegade Soundwave.

D: Keep plugging the Mute bands there, Bon. Help sell some records.

B: Well, it's not a case of helping them sell records. They happen to be my personal taste in music.

D: They've got a good thing going, Mute.

B: Yeah, I mean most of the artists on Mute... I make a point of collecting their records as they appear and most of them I think is really good music.

D: Do you buy import records?

B: Yeah. The last import I bought was the Chili Peppers.

D: You didn't get Mute director and Depeche Mode inventor Daniel Miller to call someone in New York to get you a copy of the CD.

B: Didn't want to. I mean, I wanted to buy it. I work hard (laughs) and I don't want to get it free. I wanna buy it. They've got to buy their meals and pay the rent as well, you know.

D: C'mon, Martin Gore's paying all their bills.

B: (in disgust) Aaaaah.

D: Doug has been quoted as saying, "We went through the last five years desperately trying to be something and then we realised that all we had to be was ourselves."

B: We perhaps had given ourselves a few too many preconceptions and a little bit of tunnel vision about what we should be in regard to the band and how we should be when we were working on the band. There were too many rigid sort of guidelines that we'd set for ourselves and then there was like a general creeping frustration coming in and no one could really put their finger on it.

It was just basically being able to loosen up and being able to trust ourselves, to express ourselves in different ways and to just loosen up in general and be more relaxed and be ourselves more because obviously that shade of Nitzer Ebb was only one very small part of our emotional spectrum. It took quite a lot of time to reconcile ourselves to the fact that there were other emotions that we could express and other ways to express them and that we could feel comfortable with doing that. It sounds quite simple but when you're going through that things always do look simple in retrospect. It's just like part of growing up as people and growing up as a band: letting go, loosening up, trying to express ourselves in different ways.

D: The "Belief" LP was inspired by some of these experiences and can be said to cover more ground socially ("Shame," "TWA," "Blood Money," "Drive") than does "That Total Age." How do you compare

"Belief" to "Showtime"?

B: I think "Showtime" is a little bit more of a kind of personal insight. It's a little bit more of our personal feelings being opened up. Not so much to do with general social comment or general political comment, it's a lot more of an intimate-type of view. Just more a personal thing.

D: Do you put much pressure on yourselves?

B: I think we used to. These days it's probably exactly the opposite. We're so incredibly lazy and our attention span is so short that it's like a built-in safety measure that we don't have too much pressure put on us. We're always in pressure situations. Douglas and myself just happen to be completely non-serious. In fact it's quite hard to deal with us sometimes because we just joke in really serious situations. Generally we tend to let off a lot of pressure that would build up by just being jocular.

D: And jovial...

B: Indeed.

D: What mood or feelings are Nitzer Ebb attempting to create for their audience?

B: In the live performance, the main thing that's important to us is a release of positive energy. Most of the bands that we used to go and see and really enjoy live were just so "up" and so "there" and so "for the moment" that it was a real experience. That's been an influence on us-recreating that sense of immediacy and positiveness. So really, that's the main thing that we try and get across live is the energy.

D: The energy is all very clear in a concert setting, but even that can be confused with other emotions.

B: It happens. It's obvious feelings are running high and do reach quite a high level at our shows and sometimes that will spill over into violence. Sometimes it does in your personal life. It's a by-product. Sometimes people don't control themselves the way they should. Some people are just out there for trouble anyway. There's a lot of reasons why it can stop but it comes down to the individuals to channel their energy in a sensible and positive way. If they want to go around and start beating up on people, it's sad, but it's not really our responsibility. Maybe we would have done that but we didn't. We did something else, we formed a band and got our aggressions out in that way. We can't be responsible if people just see the only way out is to hit the person standing next to him. ☹



were doing and just went right on ahead.

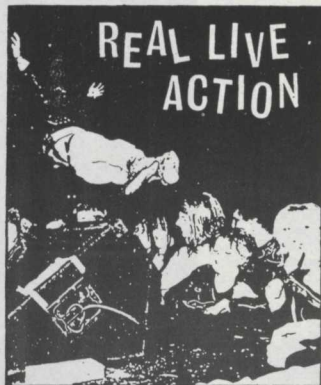
I think a lot of the thing was in our early days we went to great pains to try and explain and show people exactly what we were doing but basically if you want to see the bad side in something then you can. We were being ambiguous in some places and leaving it up to people to question for themselves what we were doing. Some people choose to take the easy option out and just want sensational-

House of Love
The Picasso Set
Tears Pump
Saturday, June 9th
Opening up for English headliners

could buy the tape with their next song on it, yes, an AM radio tune.
House of Love actually started performing at a decent hour and played for 70-80 minutes. Their strongest tunes were the

playing and not performing.

House of Love integrated a melancholy sound reminiscent of the Smiths with harder riffs and polyrhythmic drumming. Parts of the audience even got into a spazzy dynamic which really pleased some people off—nothing a few dirty looks could prevent when the big radio tune was performed. The pseudo-psychotic light show thing on the back wall during "Readers and The Stones" made for wild photographs. When all was done, the audience gave a weak cry to bring the House of Love back for an encore which, surprisingly, succeeded. The band put all their energy into the resounding finale, "Love is a Car".
Tom-Lynn



House of Love was the local band The Picasso Set. This band possesses the currently popular "orgasms" of bands like Eric Burden and the Animals and the Doors. They combined this with New Order-ish moosey (and you thought it couldn't be done). The band's lead singer made a cheesy play for their tape, telling the audience we

moody "Blind" and my favourite, "Hope." For the latter, the icy stare of the lead singer compensated for the band's minimal stage presence. The other band members didn't possess the same strange charisma and their grey tones just blended in with the smoky atmosphere of the Pump. They devoted most of their attention to the work at hand, i.e.

Disidenten
Out of this World
(Sire/WEA)

(The following is to be read aloud with a fake Balkan accent). When 3 Musta-

phases 3 recently came to the wildly appreciative tones of Vancouver, they spoke of many things such as the young man who goes to the top of the mountain and howls like the wolf because his heart has been ripped from him by a woman, or of the things that roll over the carpets like the tennis ball, or why is there only one taxi in this wonderful world



phases 3 recently came to the wildly appreciative tones of Vancouver, they spoke of many things such as the young man who goes to the top of the mountain and howls like the wolf because his heart has been ripped from him by a woman, or of the things that roll over the carpets like the tennis ball, or why is there only one taxi in this wonderful world
14 DISCORDER

As Mastapha say, "When Disidenten and Mastapha go shopping in the market, Mastapha go down the different side streets, but Disidenten go straight to the sausage shop."
(Okay, you can stop reading in the Balkan accent. It was a dumb idea anyway.)
The point is that on their latest release, "Out of this World", Disidenten have not only

Group 49
Pin International Gallery
Saturday, June 16th

Saturday night concert goes layered deep inside the Pin on this particular evening were greeted with the experience of becoming one with a giant hallucination machine enhanced by starting 20th Century video images, real "Grateful Dead" incense, and a Terminal City Kiosch/Pilot 1 relief of a stage. The men behind all this were in fact children. Children of the fathers of psychedelia, who over twenty years ago opened warehouses of acid to the mind, body and ear.

While Group 49 is no Music Machine or Strawberry Alarm Clock, it has much in common with these bands of yesteryear. Loud, thrashing, rhythmic noise mixed up with Neil Young-ish drug medleys, all complemented by far out us-Dick Tracy-like use of the primary colours.

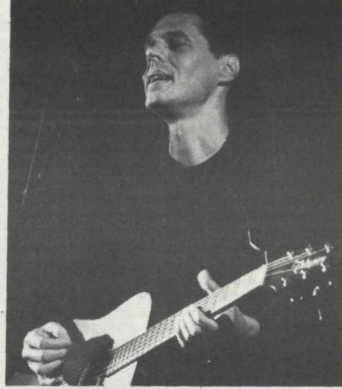
Group 49 is a fine wild, beat protest youths manipulating to the utmost a real early 1970s Soft Machine-esque synthetizer, scraps of sheet metal and digital sampling, combined with a throbbing bassline and wa-

vering guitar. Anthony R... a guy in a Bon hat and a red shirt, who could be described as a Coan Graduate adorned in a furry tie, belted out an aural onslaught of incense anthems for the 90s. In other words, it was twice the excitement and double the flavour of a regular gig.
Newswear the Human Services

Tom Verlaine
No Fun
The Ridge Theatre
Monday, June 18th

Review #1: Some guy named Ver-

Tom Verlaine photo Leonard Whistler



laine, who used to be in a band called Television and then released a string of great solo albums in the early 80s, came through town in support of his, relatively speaking, tepid new release. The show was a technical and financial disaster. A paid audience of less than a hundred loathed through a short set of amateurish, acoustic guitar music, the likes of which can be heard at the corner of Groveville and Robson every night for a pocket full of change, or less. With backers you're not obliged to shell out for a ticket or stick around for a full hour.

Verlaine, who performed solo and

who paused to tune his guitar after every song, played as if he were fulfilling a contractual obligation to promote his new record. He put in his one hour and then fled back his hotel, but not before playing a one song encore in which he played Johnny Cash. Only a few diehard fans (and a sorry lot they were too) anyone who can remember records like "Wheels from the Front" and "Dreamtime" has to be at least 30 allowed themselves to be conned into believing that such deck actually constituted "entertainment" or "art-finance." The Ridge management should have pulled Verlaine, and the misapplied stacks of amps, off the stage and resumed screening the movie "Choolah." Better still, they could have gotten a print of "Spinal Tap." An endless loop of the bath tub interview with the spontaneously combusting drummer would have been appropriate.

Review #2: This will sound like classic elitism, but I'm very glad there was nobody at the Tom Verlaine concert under 25. For once there was no fashion show, no battle of the big hair, nobody talking during the songs. Between the notes from Tom's guitar the loudest noise came from Ridge's air conditioner. When was the last time you've been at a show and the room was absolutely quiet? The audience hung on Tom's every sound. It was as intimate an evening with a guitar superhero as one can ever hope to experience.

The show was the very essence of minimalism. Playing solo acoustic, Tom shunned all the trappings of rock 'n' roll schtick. The atmosphere was so close and intense that the camera flash from a fan taking photos was not only distracting, but obscene and vulgar. Early on Tom instructed the sound man to stop fiddling with the lights. His approach was antithetical to the point where the obligatory, yet insane, switching on and off of coloured lights

ers" on Disidenten's first album, only faster and more lively. If you've got gods of cash, you should buy the album, record "Urban Dervish," and then relegate "Out of this World" to a safe place in your music collection.

James Bolt

Jon Hassell
City: Works of Fiction
(Opal/WEA)

A Canadian, Jon Hassell is a well known figure in the ambient, soundscape crowd, a group which includes Brian and Roger Eno, Daniel Lanois, Harold Budd, Michael Brook, Robert Fripp, and Ralphi Saenz. In the past, his music has maintained a level of distinction from the "new-age" surreal wallpaper stuff through his exploration and serious examination of aboriginal music and archaic rhythms and instrumentation.

A trumpeter, Hassell plays his instrument through "electronic filters" to achieve a variety of sounds and voices, a unique musical feature which has enriched most of his fine recordings; the best, in my opinion, is "Dream Theory in Malaysia" which contains some bewitching tracks. Unlike many of his colleagues whose talents only seem to shine in collaborative efforts (notably Brian Eno), Jon Hassell's solo albums have always contained his best work.

"City: Works of Fiction" is a departure from his past musical styles. Jazzier, slicker and less structured, the album could have been quite enjoyable. Unfortunately, I found the album rather empty. It suffers from over-production and over-programming and sampling, as well as a lack of variety to the nine tracks on the album. He has committed the worst sin of all—using those god-awful synth horn action sounds one hears in all those horrible beat-pop, and jeans ads on t.v. Much of the album sounds

mechanical compared to the mystic, image invoking music of his past works. This is unfortunate because the richness and layering of sound is quite creative, and often extremely subtle and sensitive, especially on the last two tracks, "Warrior" and "Out of Adebah." The problem is that the collection of pieces seems cold and calculated.

The liner notes are interesting,

though—misprints of Calvino-like mythologies and histories. Too bad the music doesn't match these intriguing images.

James Bolt

Stephen Scott/Giacinto Scelsi
Accord
(New Albion)

Colorado-based composer Stephen Scott has just released a digital recording of two of his pieces for bowed piano, "Minerva's Web" and "The Tears of Niobe." Scott's ensemble of ten performers gathers around the inside of a grand piano (sometimes pedal depressed) and bows the strings with horsehair usually used for the bows of stringed instruments. The resultant timbre is quite beautiful and often reminiscent of a string ensemble (particularly cellos). Musically, however, this stuff is tedious-yikes. It is not music which demands to be listened to, rather, it will rest comfortably in the background while you channel in (for a handsome fee) to contact Michael, the spirit who has possessed Lily the cup-reaper. Yes, too new agey, a bit like a watered-down Scelsi (dip the sugar).

The late Giacinto Scelsi threatens to be contemporary music's favorite-of-the-week. This recent recording contains three pieces for orchestra and choir: "Alon" (1961), "Phar" (1974), and "Kons-en-pax" (1969). The pitch-contour of his music is always slight, but the music is always very interesting, often exploring the possibilities of a single note through wonderful enveloping

timbral shifts. I'm not sure what direction Scelsi's music will take and other composers seem to be the most absolute form of minimalism (though not in the same sense as Reich or Glass). In itself, however, this is one of the best recordings I've heard in a while.

Paul Steenhuizen

Dezize
Let there be House 12"
(BMG)

The word is hip-house. This U.K. cut has what it takes. "Let there be House" is jam packed with rhythms and beats that leave you no choice but to get off your seat and move your feet. The track is listed in the A-side "AZZEN Mix" by C.J. Mackintosh and Dave Darrell. Part 1 is a hip-house rap that sounds like a DJ trying to whip the dancefloor into a frenzy combined with the definitive piano and keyboard house sound. Part 2 is like the house of the past, no rap, very infrequent vocal samples, and a lot of piano.

Without knowing the B-side was a "West Bam" mix, the influence was obvious; the horns reminded me of "Hold me Back," a single by West Bam.

Noah Grant

BQ
Put Your Body In It 12"
(Infinite Beat)

As you might have guessed, this is a dance-disco BQ. It's a mix of funk, soul, and disco with DJ D-Swiss on the turntables and two dancers, Ty-D and K-Burn. Quare started doing his thing four years in his home town of Birmingham, Alabama, where he hooked up with the Six Mix-A-Lot tour. The tour eventually landed at the navel base on Whidbey Island, Washington state, where Quare met Euse, who was in the Navy. The two joined forces and have now released

seemed an insult to common sense and intelligence.

The set included many of the songs from Tom's latest release, "The Wonder." While this recording is decidedly weak, especially when compared to Tom's earlier works, Tom's live, rough performance of "Kahlo" (a "Kahlo" sculpture), "Stalingrad," and "Ancient Egypt" shook the songs free of their studio veneer. For his encore Tom played an a cappella version of "House of Love." The man in black sings "I fell down into a burning ring of fire," while the man in white sings "I keep a close watch on this heart of mine." Tom's interpretation of "Cath's" songs, like his deliberate dispensing of showbiz hype, was a philosophical and cultural tour de force!

Review #3: It's impossible to avoid No Fun. I swear, I can't spit in a gutter without getting a little phlegm on the hardest working band in Surrey. I'm afraid to look in the fridge. I'm too scared to shower. No Fun is everywhere. Get it. Well, what was this encounter with No Fun like? Kind of like the last six or seven. Dave made a clever remark about members of the audience who came expecting to see the movie "Chocolat." During many of the songs Dave held up signs and magazine covers and George (the flavoured chewy toffee). The lights faded

their first single, "Put Your Body In It." When I first heard this track I thought it was good but still just another hip-house cut. It seems like everyone is combining house and hip hop. However, these guys manage to make it sound fresh. Look for their debut album in the record store soon.

Noah Grant

Age of Chance
Mecca
(Virgin/A&M)

What happened? The debut Age of Chance album "1000 Years of Trouble" was a superb piece of industrial dance. The raps were tight and cynical and those beats! Like being in a rhythmic air raid. The album spread "Don't Get Mad, Get Even," possibly their most famous track and a big hit in clubs. All this in '86-'87 and apart from some tantalizing rumours about a Public Enemy collaboration, all has been quiet.

When "Mecca" appeared a lot of people, including me, got pretty excited about the guys who were going to top the energy and power of the first album. The answer is, they didn't; and it doesn't sound like they were even trying. The album is filled with a kind of watered-down funk, possibly intended as a tribute to some of their influences, but showing that they are only mediocre in this style. The strength of Age of Chance lay in their assimilation of rap, funk, industrial and dance, a mix they had to perfection. DJ Powercut, the man who took scratching to ridiculous proportions on "1000 years," is here relegated to a supporting role and is barely audible most of the time.

The worst thing about this record is that all the time I'm listening to it I'm expecting them to explode at any moment, but all I get here and there is a glimpse of the hidden talent and inspiration they possess.

Peter Latwyche

during a Sacred-o-fied version of "Be Like Us." Dave thought it might be due to God's intervention. Pico sang "Crises Tom Crises." It goes, "My man approves Tom Crises." I want to cruise Tom Crises. No



House of Love photo Tom-Lynn

Fun finished their set with "Woodstock II." A very small plastic guitar was battered on stage and tossed in the audience. Pas d'amusement, n'est-ce pas?

John Hoban

Consolidated
Lava-fair
Wednesday, June 20th
To the chant of "America No. 1" over the Lava-fair P.A. system the drummer for Consolidated held up a sign upon which is written MYTH.

This was the theme set by San Francisco's collective known as Consolidated on June 20th. Their music is primarily in the hip hop vein, yet proved to be more musically

Andy Priestley
...Upon My Wicked Son
(Doctor Dream)
Andy Priestley used to sing with Wall of Voodoo. Andy has BIG HAIR and BLACK CLOTHING. Andy is obviously an alternative type person. His debut solo album "...Upon My Wicked Son" is crap, as simple as that.

He sets a lot of shallow lyrics to a bunch of lame Alternative-MOR cross-over tunes and hopes to get away with it. You know that an album is bad when the best song on it is a poorly done cover of Camel Heat's "On the Road Again," stripped of all the original's character. On this record he tackles such topics as female AIDS and homophobia all in the same formulaic "retardant" manner.

The best thing about this album was the press kit that came with it. Laugh and read... "It is impossible to capture the essence of Andy Priestley with simple instruments like pen and paper. He is far too dynamic and diverse. His music, lyrics and personality are all products of the radically left-of-centre instincts churning in his crafty soul." ... whilst listening to this half-assed trash on the turntable. In fact, if they gave the press kit away with every copy of the album I'd recommend buying it as the best laugh since Spinal Tap. But perhaps I'm being unfair. To even it up I'll leave the last word to Jennifer Beals, who Andy has just written some songs for. "[Andy is] a most profound genius," she says, "the guy is a poet."

Peter Latwyche

Adamski
Liveandirect
(MCA)

I guess this is what you would call house music. One guy presumably does all the programming and there is an awful lot of

articulate than many of their peers. They accomplished this through a diverse repertoire of samples that, surprisingly, held my interest throughout the night.

Consolidated were without a dull moment. The exuberance of lead vocalist Adam Sherburne which spread through the crowd with the opening performance of "Consolidated." Two television sets played video cuts from bands, politicians, T.V. evangelists and other socially destructive characters.

The most interesting part of the show came near the end of the encore when Consolidated turned on the house lights and answered questions from the audience. Most of the questions were concerned with the band's motives and goals. Some people were not willing to accept Consolidated's brand of social/economic political criticism. One questioner pointed out the hypocrisy of Consolidated continually complaining about the role of many musicians and how the media portray these "rock stars" as positive role models to consumers. Adam Sherburne replied that they understood that it was hypocritical, yet they were willing to risk that in order to get their message to people, as they could not find a more practical medium.

They closed out the night the same way they started, playing "Consolidated" one more time. Overall, an impressive first appearance in Vancouver.

Braden Zeno

it. This is live performance with no vocals (with some quick intros by somebody else), just electronic rhythms and keyboard including electronic piano and world-synth sounds. Repetitive? Yes. Boring? It depends on who's listening. After a few listens I grew to like this recording very much. As far as I know it is an original concept to release house music performed live (with a mic on the audience) and it works very well.

Adam Stone

Consolidated
The Myth of Rock
(Network)

Public Enemy
Fear of a Black Planet
(Def Jam/Columbia)

When I first heard Consolidated's "12" "Consolidated" EP, I thought the title track was brilliant but feared that they would be a "one-hit" group because the other two tracks weren't impressive. "The Myth of Rock" fills my hopes that they would realize their potential. This industrial-political dance music fantasy/nightmare is the number two album, combining relevant commentary on the rock 'n' roll industry and racial injustice with excellent music. Public Enemy's Fear of a Black Planet is number one.

Adam Stone

Urban Dance Squad
Mental Flots for the Globe
(Arista)

The Netherlands band UDS successfully combine the good components of rap and rock to create something desirable which would probably be great live. Some songs have a tinge of Living Color in them but most of them are hard to attach to any other group's sound. Overall, this album is pretty good.

Adam Stone

JULY CONCERTS

SUNDAY 1

CiTR presents CATERWAUL with BRUCE A & THE SECULAR ATAVISTS

MONDAY 2

CANADA DAY AFTERMATH TANKHOG with former SNFU members WHEAT CHIEFS and the GRAND POOBABS

TUESDAY 3

CATHERINE WHEEL

WEDNESDAY 4

MCA Recording Artist JILL SOBULE

THURSDAY 5

THE STOATERS with BLACKTHORN

FRIDAY 6

Rounder Recording Artists SLEEPY LA BEEF with HERALD NIX

SATURDAY 7

SUNDAY 8

From Algeria CHABA FADELA

MONDAY 9

Showcase

TUESDAY 10

Showcase

WEDNESDAY 11

OH YEAH with guests WIDE WORLD

THURSDAY 12

STATE OF MIND

FRIDAY 13

LAST WILD SONS with guests SPIN DOCTORS

SATURDAY 14

ROOTS ROUND UP

SUNDAY 15

SMUGGLERS with guests ELVIS LOVE CHILD

MONDAY 16

From Jamaica RAS POSSE with ROOTS RADICS and CHARLIE CHAPLIN

TUESDAY 17

Showcase

WEDNESDAY 18

From London, Ontario LEGEND KILLERS

THURSDAY 19

Timeless presents GOLIATH with JUSTIN SANE and MAD DUCK

FRIDAY 20

SCRAMBLERS

SUNDAY 22

CiTR presents ALL

MONDAY 23

Showcase

WED-THU 25-26

LAVA HAY

FRI-SAT 27-28

BOURBON TABERNACLE CHOR

MONDAY 30

Showcase

SUNDAY 31

THE TUBES

T H E TOWN PUMP

66 Water Street Gastown

683-6695

COLIN UPTON'S BIG THING
Published by Ed Varney
6424 Chester Street
Vancouver, BC V5W 3C3

SEXY STORIES FROM THE WORLD RELIGIONS
Published by Last Gasp Eco-Funnies
P.O. Box 410067
San Francisco, CA 94141

Summer is the time when the big blockbuster comic are released. Much like movie theatres, the comic book shops are filled with lots of eye candy that has as much nutritional value as Famous Players' popcorn "topping." Anticipating the fan-boy explosion that inevitably follows the prison break known as summer vacation, comicbook publishers load the racks with as much crap as they can, hoping that the sheer volume will deluge the typical customer into consumption overwhelm. In that spirit, I will offer two non-crap reviews of two drastically different non-crap comic and see where the dust settles.

First up is Colin Upton, a local chap who has self-published his way into the hearts and minds of B.C. comic fans. Upton is part of a new breed of cartoonist who believe that his personal recollections and perceptions of people and events are worthy of publishing and therefore does so himself. His latest comic is a bit of a departure for Colin in that it is printed in an oversized format and thus is appropriately entitled "Colin Upton's BIG THING."

That Colin Upton is a fairly talented cartoonist is immediately obvious. His thick, bold lines and his eye for detail allow him to render exact representations of the episodes he is recreating. The introduction to his book is by Harvey Pekar the writer of American Splendor. The Pekar connection is telling since Harvey, like Colin, writes slice o' life comics that serve to entertain and lighten the load. These comics can, when they show the proper characterizations, give an insight into the divine comedy that is mostly unseen in real world media. I am sad to say this is not always the case in Colin Upton's latest comic book. In fact, BIG THING seems like the obvious continuation of an earlier series by Upton entitled "Self-Indulgent Comics."

In the five years or so that I have been aware of Upton's work he has amused and confounded me at various turns. All will agree that the Granville Street Gallery was wonderful. Funny, scathing, and adroitly executed the Gallery bode well for the future, it being one of the original self-published pieces of the small press explosion. His Socialist Turtle, now being published here in Disorder, has been at times heavy-handed although sometimes insightful and of course his infamous Happy Ned went far beyond the realm of entertain-
16 DISORDER

ment into the arena of wicked social satire.

Upton has proved himself a viable storyteller with the modern horror tale of American Splendor and equally at home in the realm of adventure fantasy in Buddha on the Road. These ventures proved Upton to be as talented in telling a tale as he was in crafting his drawings. Then somewhere along the way he read a copy of Pekar's American Splendor and seemingly became convinced that his "reality" was more intriguing than any stories he could imagine. This unfortunately is not always the case.

BIG THING offers ten pieces all featuring Colin on the course of his daily life. Although some of the stories are interesting, a few are simply not worthy of being included in this collection. Case in point, the lead story which has Colin bootlegging raspberry cider for some underage girls. The conflict in this tale comes from Colin freaking out when a ghost car cruises past him on his way to spot the girls their illicit hook-up. Okay, how about. Uttered incident where Upton is mistaken for a UBC professor by a member of the local marine brigade. These stories are so devoid of incident that one is tempted to search for existential meanderings amidst the pen and ink.

Not that BIG THING is without merit. Later in the book we get a reprise of Famous Bus Riders in which the 2 a.m. Fraser bus is derailed and we find out in no uncertain terms that late night Mound Pleasant, isn't. Towards the end is another piece of social history that would otherwise be lost. We are privy to attend a New Year's eve gig featuring metal, aheads Ogre and a brawl that looks like it chewed up the most hairy partyers. These two pieces work better than most because they do not depend solely on Upton's self-characterization to propel the narrative. Though while reading these entertaining anecdotes I found my self longing for some satire or, god forbid, even parody.

Good things can be said about the last major piece in the book entitled Loonies. In it, Upton professes to an extreme distaste for the mentally handicapped based on emotional stress he suffered in his childhood. This kind of self-examination is healthy and gives the reader an insight into the chap who has been telling them very little about himself in the preceding pages. Perhaps if Loonies led off the book instead of being left till the end we would have more sympathy for the iconoclastic cartoonist who initially comes off more as a victim than a protagonist that we can



identify with.

All told an uneven effort from a local fan favourite. BIG THING shows that Colin Upton is reaching for the big leagues (the book is priced at \$4.50 cdn)

despair Colin! I predict here in print, as I have before, that some day you shall rise out of the communal pool for cartoonists and the lavish praise on the back cover of BIG THING will repre-



but cannot justify the steep cover price of this autobiographical tales of tension. A tale from his imagination with revealing character development and twisting turns would be the perfect balance for this book. But do not

sent the commonly held opinion of the masses.

Sexy Stories From The World's Religions is hot off the press from Last Gasp Eco-Funnies. Rarely has so heavy a

howler come up the I-5 and crossed over the border. If some of you remember my ravings about border censorship in a previous issue, I take it all back. How this book cleared customs I can only guess but I am truly grateful that it has.

Here we have religion at its most repulsive brought to you by many angry/funny cartoonists, including Mario Hernandez (the third bro), Mary Fleener (cubo artist), Mike Matthews & Lydia Lunch (she writes he draws), Steve (Dogboy) Laughlin, Krysline Kyrre & Michael Furey (he writes she draws), Don Seda (he writes she draws), Alaine Kominisky (another Weirdo), Joe Sacco (hot pencil boy), Hiromi Hiraguchi (SM Sniper/manga master), Nazario (Anarcama), and editor Erick Gilbert, who has dubbed himself the von Strindberg of Underground Comix. Together, these prime candidates for hedonist engineering have masterfully plotted the downfall of the world's bogus religions and have cleverly chosen as their secret weapon...

Everyone here has an axe to grind, not least of all former altar boy Hernandez who plants the blade firmly in the skull of his saviour. Everyone has a wonderful time while the sparks are flying. Leading off the pack is Mary Fleener who shares with the reader the story of Pope Sergius. Sergius, who in the year 906 AD had a fifteen year old girl as his lover, was a prime mover behind the infamous Corpse Synod. The previous Pope to Sergius, Pope Stephen VII, was unearthed from his grave and his corpse made a stand trial for his various nefarious crimes. I won't reveal the grisly bits, suffice to say that Sergius' love-making is greatly enhanced by the whole sordid experience.

Next up is Lydia Lunch and Mike Matthews who retell the story of St. Dymphna - Patron Saint of the Sexually Insane. Lunch has a wicked way with words, as her fans will tell you, and her teaming up with Matthews has produced an inspired stroke of comix. Matthews' art stands league and legion above the other artworks in this anthology. Offering what can best be described as more/better Kurtzman, Matthews has somehow combined the best elements of the Checkered Demon with the hypercartoon rendering found in (early) Mad Magazines. Sort of a tight line merging with obscure shadow play from a light-speed pencil. Fast? Funny? This guy could give lessons in attitude to S. Clay Wilson...and probably will.

How about Divine Anarchy or the Gospel According to Pa-

ther Phlegm? Funny and yet ferocious in a howling vein. These comes the one-two knockout punch from the late Don Seda. Kicking ass from the grave, Seda gives the Pig People of Paraguay a rollicking metaphor that exposes the shameful attitudes towards ritual sexplay that her fellow humans have bathed themselves in. Dori, a girl who, casti is followed by Alaine Kominisky. Crumb who seems to be reaching for the Most-Outrageous Housewife award.

Aline tells us the tale of the Most Holy Couple in the West-a couple of sixteen rejects who are far too much acid when it still packed a wallop. He begs on the street sitting in the lotus position while swallowing a towel which he later pulls from his bum in an attempt to cleanse himself. She is the alchemist who, by the way, her own shit (purify, purify) which eventually has the consistency of chocolate pudding. When he watches her eat her own shit it drives him into a catatonic fit. When she eats her own shit it makes her come. Is this comic strange enough for you yet?

If not, how about the Romaine Sclerose image of the beautiful nun and the mad monk which turns tragic with the punishment of the monk's daughter or there's the literal translation of Ecclesiasticus 9: 4-9 which includes such sage advice as "Do not confide in a woman, so much so she has dominion over you" and "Do not try your luck on a young girl, be afraid to walk into her condemnation's trap."

These stories are awesome in their goal and in what they accomplish. They proclaim "If the end is near, so is the beginning." They announce "Hallelujah-Gobble and pass the antipasto." They say "The history of religions is peppered with senseless violence, pointless massacres, abusive exploitation, abstract authority figures and fantasies about the afterlife. Religion has provided easy justifications for the most horrible negations of human life, organized murder, genocide and slavery. Still, any predator with video access rings in big bucks and devoted followers. Will they ever learn? So enough with the hypocrisy, enough with the platitudes, here is religion at its most repulsive form."

There is no doubt in my mind that this is comix entertainment. That it is brutal and enraged is only too true but it is also, ultimately, compassionate and caring in its attempts to reveal, and thus expose, this collective madness called religion. In the Sixties comix like Tales of the Leather Nun and Blinky Brown Meets The Holy Virgin Mary were radical indictments of religious intolerance and bigoted persecution in the name of God. Welcome to the Terrordome. Welcome to the Nineties. If comix like this one keep appearing on the stands at my local comic outlet, chances are the Nineties will make the Sixties look and feel like an alumni picnic. ☸

FIRST CHOICE STEAK & SEAFOOD BUFFET
143 - 13757 72nd Avenue,
Surrey

Whoa. Heavy bad trip here. Although, judging by the massive line-ups outside, you enter unprepared...but there again, there's no accounting for avarice. Greed over gastronomy any day.

I cannot adequately convey the WEIRDness here. It's as if every last Surrey Mutant-Person simultaneously decided to go out for dinner and ended up at First Choice.

The lunch buffet is \$5.95 a head and the dinner, \$7.95. The latter differs from the former only in that it features a few more items, such as Sweet and Sour Spareribs. Waitaminate, did I say "features"? - I meant, um- ah... "sustains"... "harbours"... "breeds"... "grows" - you get the idea.

Pop, coffee, tea (generic bulk teabags; don't look for Stash here), milk; all are for the taking in the bottomless-cup format, and a wasteland of sad-looking desserts are similarly unrestricted.

The main buffet consists of one long, straight, arid trough starting with a big tray o' buns, all baked together in one slab with sorta dotted "cut-here" lines crisscrossin' it. Sprinkled with sesame



seeds, these buns bear a passing resemblance to focaccia... "passing" as soon as you chomp into dough the consistency (and flavour, I'd reckon) of heavy-duty Styrofoam. So, no hope for the buns; on to the "real" food. Ya. Cruise quickly past a limp, festering expanse of meat and meat-based delicacies, and DON'T, whatever you do, try the lasagna, I warn thee.

Right now near the end, just when you've almost

given up all hope, you hit the Sweet and Sour Spareribs, and THEN you completely give up all hope. But no, after that there's some rice thing with cashew nuts, though sadly, also containing meat chunks, and after that, fried rice with tofu bits; a curiously blackish mess of chop suey; and a wacky chow mein concoction. Vegetarians take heart (at least, till you move on to the next station which houses the turkey and prime rib). Oh yeah, sure, there's a

salad bar in there too somewhere - I even saw nacho chips, though no other relevant fixin's; saves on the calories, I guess - but for the most part it's insipid and uninspiring.

You grab a water. Head for a table. Sit down. Start chewing. The bun disappoints. The black chop suey, if you can disregard its tint, is edible. The fried rice 'n' tofu doesn't make you barf.

The best of this sordid lot turns out to be the kooky chow mein stuff. Noodles, green pepper slices, some kinda cabbage-y product, and - wait for it - a green residue on your plate. Pale fluorescent green, very delicate, very aesthetically-pleasing, understated, tasteful. Yum! I even contemplated a second helping of this luminescent ambrosia but, being in a wildly masochistic mood, decided on another piece o' bun instead. Actually it was not sexual thrills, but a vague hope that the darned things might taste better given another chance, that motivated me. They didn't.

After we watched yet another straight-outta-The-Far-Side fellow diner gambol past our table, my brother remarked "It's like - every once in a while, you see a normal person, and then it's back to..." - Reality? I sup-

plied. Considering this is in Surrey, the statement wasn't contradictory. Atmosphere, people, ATMOSPHERE, is what you wanna go here for. The food certainly is a let-down, but the atmosphere is pure unadulterated Surrey, 1990.

It's amazing, eye-opening, terrifying, to witness the urgency your average suburbanite can be plunged headlong into by a \$7.95 buffet. "All you can eat" - perhaps the epitaph of the 20th-century food-world?

Wacked right out by the clientele, I was possessed of a crazy urge to venture into the wasteland of desserts. Green or red jello, vanilla cake, tart shells filled with a pale yellow, unidentifiable fruit... Hm... Back I came with the least despondent of the lot, chocolate cake. Straight outta the box and topped with a few weakling imitation chocolate chips. Gulped down with a cup of coffee, not completely guaranteed to revolt.

Okay. First Choice Steak 'n' Seafood Buffet. It's away in the back of beyond, in one of them new pastel malls behind the Liquor Store in Newton. I could call this place the Bino's of Surrey buffetdom, but even that wouldn't do it justice. I mean, heck! It's ALL YOU CAN EAT!!



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NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS Showtime
NITZER EBB Fear of a Black Planet
PUBLIC ENEMY Pundehonic
PUNDEHONIC Live! Live! Harkens
AROUND THE LAW Conventions of a Raffle
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RUGAD Portent Hue
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SOCIAL DEFINITION Social Definition
A TRIBE CALLED QUEST People's Intuitive Tastes & the Rhythms of the World
BOO-WA 121.8 New York/Nation
THE FALL Efratica
CASSANDRA COMPLEX Cyburnet
LOU REED & JOHN CAVE Songs for Deaf
COFFIN BREAK Rupture
TIP SHAKESPEARE Across the Universe
AFGHAN WHIGS To In It
NINE POUND HAMMER The Mud, the Blood, and the Beers
IVAS PETROVIC, EMOTON The Word as Law
NEUROGEE Skin to my Guns
ETTA JAMES March
LEVIN LOVICH Activa
VARIOUS ARTISTS This is a New Beat
EDDIE "CLEAN HEAD" WYSON E. Wyson & the Bunch, Volume II
PROFESSOR GIFF & THE LAST Down in the Game
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BLUE ARCADE Aeroplanes
DIVINE STYLERS Word Power
MCWINE & SMITH Variety Recordings 4
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HUNTING LODGE Cornwall
THE DAMNED S/M Operations/Perns...
3 MUSEUMS day Dance
ALAN THIBAU The Word as Law
COTTAGE INDUSTRY The Word as Law
LADYMIAMI BLACK MAMBAZ Two Worlds One Heart
PSYCHIC IV Towards the Infinite Beat
HOLLY HEAD day Dance
MC MILLER & THE BUSH MACHINE Two Worlds One Heart
GREEN DAY 36/Smooth
MC LEE Get Busy
CONTROLLED BLEEDING BMG/Jive/Wax Trax
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JIMMY SOMMERVILLE Criminal Minds
REVEREND MOTHERLUCKERS Criminal Minds
GREEN PALMANS Criminal Minds
STEEL POLE BATH Criminal Minds

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00AM
 The newest new music: Uppercut, Dismal, Schizoid, Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby. Information on concerts, recordings, companies.
THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:00-12:15PM
 News, sports, weather and more with the CTR News, Sports and Weather Departments.
THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM
 Reggie, Rock Steady and Sco with George Barlett.
BLUES AND SOUL SHOW 3:00-5:00PM
 Blues, rhythm and blues, funk, gospel and soul presented by Lonnie Murray.
THE SUNDAY NEWS MAG 6:00-8:00PM
 CTR's in-depth coverage of the week's magazine show. Coverage and analysis of NBC News plus news and sports, daily editorial commentary, entertainment reviews and reports on events here at UBC. All in a comprehensive and comprehensible magazine package. And we promise, no traffic reports.
HEAR SAY 8:30-9:00PM
 CTR's literary arts program wants YOU to submit your works for on-air performance (either reading your own or others').
DECOMPOSITIONS 9:00-10:00PM
 Information, news, interview, political analysis from the global cultures of resistance hosted by Horacio de la Cueva, alternating Sundays with electric music and acoustic. Hosted by Kim Truitt.
RADIO FREE AMERICA 10PM-10:59PM
 Join host Dave Emory and colleagues Nip Luck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KJSC (Los Angeles).
IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00-1:00AM
 So what if Boney doesn't show up anymore? Who gives a shit? Electronic and live still do.
THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
 From the famous send to the not-so-famous. Hosted by Newsline, week up with The Morning Show. Information to go, news, sports, weather and "serenic view" (read: radio) reports, features, entertainment reviews and Alberta job prices. Weekends!
BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM
 Any blue? Get Brown! Your favourite brownies, James and Peter offer a savory blend of the familiar and exotic in an excitingly luscious blend of aural delight. Tune in and enjoy each week's brownie recipe.
THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
 Lunch goes down better with the Afternoon Report. Tune in for no frills news.



"Not for anger and despair but for peace and a kind of home."
 Suicide note of Lewis Hill, Founder of KPFA Berkeley - 1957

and sports, and weather.
THE CTR DINNER REPORT 6:00-6:30PM
 See Sunday for details.
SPORTS DIGEST 6:30-6:40PM
 Join the CTR Sports Department for all of the latest in Thunderbird vassal sports action and sports everywhere else that matter. Interviews, too.
FACING THE MUSIC 6:00-7:00PM
 A musical/informational hour with an emphasis on topics related to awareness and sanity.
THE BOXER SHORT BOYS 7:00-9:00PM
 Wear boxer shorts and walk with confidence.
THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM
 Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-esteemed Gavin Wain. Features 11-20th. Partisan Sketches by Max Roach (who also wrote the title suite).
 The overvalued group (3 horns, 2 rhythm) had a few sound that is still relevant today.
 The New Trianos: solo piano by one of the great innovators of modern jazz: Lennie Tristano. Many consider this album to be a "classic" record.
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your boots to. With yer hot-pot, Jeff Gray.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 3-6:00PM
 Deejay Dave Sawyer provides some insights into the best and the worst of the new Canadian music. And it's not falling apart which is what it is.
THE CTR DINNER REPORT 6:30-6:40PM
 See Monday for details.
B.C. FOLK 6:30-7:00PM
 The thoughts and musings of B.C. folk artists, hosted by Bob Walden and Wayne Davis.
AVANT! 7:00-9:00PM
 Avant-garde jazz, pop, and more with Pete Lufwysche. Fast Tuesday each month. The thoughts and musings of B.C. folk artists, hosted by Bob Walden and Wayne Davis.
THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
 See Monday for details.

WHITE NOISE 8:15-10:00AM
 The bestated love child of 70s progressivism and 80s electronic has changed time itself. Improved fusions of traditional rhythms from around the globe. Brought, Pynchon, "unreleased" live and more. Hosted by Chris Broythorn.
MID-DAY PHALLACY 1:00-1:15PM
 Dorey checked out and her evil twin Tania now inflicts the abuses with eclecticism. Fitzpatrick takes check out special children's program July 11. Check out the new and happy Day in America, we love you.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
 See Monday for details.
PAUL'S MUG 3:00-5:00PM
 The only alternative to KUTV.
THE CTR DINNER REPORT 6:00-6:30PM
 See Monday for details.
LIVE FROM THE KNITTING FACTORY 6:00-7:00PM
 Concerts recorded in the fall of 1991 in the heart of the New York arts district.
JIGGLE 7:00-9:00PM
 Missy's here, Gwyneth's here. Six years of combined DJ experience. 40 years of love/experience. Games, trivia, quiz, and more. Hosted by Chris Broythorn.
PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK 9:00-10:00PM
 Permanent (per-manent) lasting, intended to last, indefinitely. Culture (Cult-culture) (1) the cultivation of a given culture or of a given time or over of time. (2) the making of misconceptions. (3) the making of a permanent record. (4) violent collision, conquest. (5) sudden and disturbing mental and physical impressions.
THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM
 See Monday for details.
THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM
 See Monday for details.
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:00PM
 Country music to scrape the cowhitt off

SHOWGROOVES

TACKHEAD "Demolition House" 12" TVT
SKINNY PUPPY "Whore" 12" Network
HIT "Get Back" 12" Network
MORSEY "November Downed a Monster" 12" Network
NEGAGONE "Sempine in Black" 12" Network
POD "Supper" 12" Network
FA2M "Too Many Buttons" 12" Network
PAUS "The Gap of Shame" 12" Network
MC 100 FT JESUS W/DAVID "Truth is a Lie" 12" Network
HOV "Pimp of the Microphone" 12" Network
NEGAGONE "Behind the Door" 12" Network
THE MR. T EXPERIENCE "So Long Bitch" 12" Network
ALJAX "Mind the Gap" 12" Network
NINE INCH NAILS "Head in a Hole" 12" Network
TRACHECHORD JAWHALLERS "I'm a Rocker" 12" Network
ANIMA "Belly Dance" 12" Network
EQ "Put your body in it" 12" Network
PHASA "Super Double Mega Mad Hat" 12" Network
ELECTRIC 101 "Talking with Myself" 12" Network
SHINEHEAD "Tasty Affair" 12" Network
SALT WATER "Black Magic" 12" Network
WHITE BOY BKE AND DJ "Something to Dance to" 12" Network
GAME FOR VULTURES "Goin' my way" 12" Network
SWAP "The Power" 12" Network
EZEE POSE "Love on Love" 12" Network
THE MONO MEN "I Don't Care" 12" Network
MENGLE "Watch Roger" 12" Network
MAIN SOURCE "Watch Roger" 12" Network
PSYCHOTIC TURBUNCLES "The Goodtimes" 12" Network
THE SUBJECTS "Mind of God" 12" Network
HONEST ROBBERS "Join to My Piano" 12" Network
WOOD CHILDREN "Sweetest for the Bird" 12" Network
REVOLTING COCKS "Tell Me When the Fever Ended" 12" Network
ELECTRIC 101 "Tell Me When the Fever Ended" 12" Network
GRANT HART "All of My Senses" 12" Network
INFLIP CARPETS "Cool As Fuck EP" 12" Network

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
7				THE MORNING SHOW				7
8	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS		WHITE NOISE	NOW YOU HAZ JAZZ	SCRAMBLED EGGS	THE SATURDAY EDGE ON FOLK	8
9					HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE	MOVING IMAGES		9
10					NOW YOU HAZ JAZZ FEATURE	THE VENUS FLYTRAP SHOW		10
11	THE NEWS	DAVE RADIO		MID-DAY PHALLACY			THE NEWS	11
12								12
1	ROCKERS SHOW		THE AFTERNOON SHOW				POWER CHORD	1
2			BLOOD ON THE SADDLE		ECLECTIC KOOL-AIDE	ITS NOT EASY BEING GREEN THE ABSOLUTE		2
3	BLUES AND SOUL SHOW		THE UN-HEARD MUSIC	PAULA'S MUG	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NASCAR	IN EFFECT	3
4						VALUE OF NOISE		4
5	SUNDAY MAG HEADBAY	SPORTS DIGEST FACING THE MUSIC	THE CITY DINNER REPORT	COMMUNITY KNITTING FACTORY	ARTS CAFE	RANDOM SAM AND NOW THIS 12.17.94 12.1.94	SATURDAY MAG THE YAP GAP	5
6	ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS/ DJE COMPOSITIONS	THE BOXER SHORT BOYZ	AVANT-PIG	JIGGLE	TOP OF DA BOPS	HOME VIDEO UNLEASHED A.T.I.O.N.A.L.		6
7	PLAYLOUD (THIS IS NOT A TEST)				NO-HOST BAR		THE NEW AFRICAN SON	7
8		THE JAZZ SHOW WITH GAVIN WALKER	BEAT HEADS VERSUS WOLF AT THE DOOR	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL			8
9	ONE STEP BEYOND/RADIO FREE AMERICA				SOUND OF REALITY	HOME BASS		9
10							RADIO FREE PARKING	10
11								11
12								12
1	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHER- ENCY	OPEN COUNTRY JOY	AURAL TENTACLES	OPEN SEASON	MEGA BLAST!			1
2								2
3								3
4								4

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T READ COMIX:
EACH PANEL IS A LEVEL - READ
EVERYTHING ACROSS.



IM TIRED

GET IT?

I STRONGLY RESENT
BEING AN UNEVOLVED



INFANTILE SEMI-ZOMBIE

SEE? STARTS HERE AND GOES ACROSS

I WANT IT TO BE AS
UNREAL AS A MALL,
OR A CONDO ... OR PURPLE
FLAVOUR SOFT DRINKS...

UH, JUNKFLESH ...

MAYBE THAT
FALL KINDA
GOT TO YA.

SHUTUP
WHEN WERE
RAVING!

SURE...

TIRED OF FALLING DOWN
DAMNED BUILDINGS AND



YOW.

SCRAPING OFF MY SKIN.

THAT GETS ITS



LIMBS RIPPED OFF

NO MEANING, NO
SYSTEM ...

YOU WITH
MEZ



NO.

IM BORED WITH STUPID
DIALOGUE AND SEWN ON



UH, YEAH...

BODY PARTS!

AND AS FAR AS
BEING DEAD ...

MY DNA IS IN
REVOLT!

GREAT!

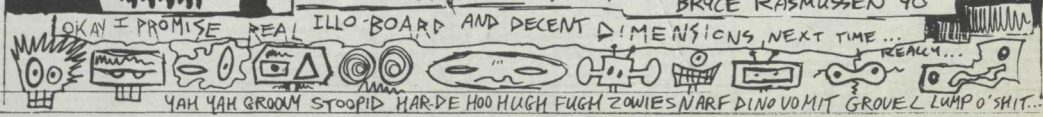
THEN LET'S GO FOR A
RIDE THRU THE RIXCURIOUS
SILICONE CANDY

NIGH-AH,
FUCK THE POETRY.
LET'S BLAZE!

BUT I DON' WANNA GO ...

JUNKFLESH

OR BOREDOM OR WHATEVER ...
-ANOTHER PAGE FROM THE 'TOO
DRUNK TO DRAW AND MUH HORMONES
ARE A-SINGIN' SUMMERTIME BLUES.'
BRUCE RASMUSSEN 90



YAH YAH GROOM STOOPID HARDE HOO HUGH FUGH ZOWIES NARF DINO VOMIT GROVEL LUMP O' SHIT...

DISCORORDER DATEBOOK

1 SUNDAY CITR presents MCA/IRS artists Caterwall with guests Bruce A & the Sacular Atavists at the Town Pump... San City Girls at Artist Studio... Jack Lavin & the Demons Jam Session at the Yale... Whoever Says the Truth Shall Die (7:30pm and 9:45pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... *Sleeping Beauty* (2:30 & 7:30pm) and *Do the Right Thing* (9:45pm) at SUB Theatre... The Best of the Best of Cannes Advertising Festival (7:30 & 9:30pm) at the Starlight...

2 MONDAY Canada Day Aftermath with Tanklog with guests The Wheat Chiefs and The Grand Poobahs at the Town Pump... Jack Lavin & the Demons Jam Session at the Yale... Les Amazees de Guineas at Sattimo... Whoever Says the Truth Shall Die (7:30pm) and *Accattone* (8:45pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Jean de Florette (7:00pm) and *Manon of Spring* (9:15pm) at the Starlight...

3 TUESDAY Catherine Wheel at the Town Pump... Charlie Musselwhite at the Yale... UBC Music for Summer Evenings Concert Series with Robert Silverman (piano) and French Tickner (narrator) at the UBC Recital Hall (8pm, free)... Love and Other Arrangements at the Kilsilano Theatre... Jean de Florette (7:00pm) and *Manon of Spring* (9:15pm) at the Starlight...

4 WEDNESDAY MCA artists Jill Seneff at the Town Pump... Charlie Musselwhite at the Yale... CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... Love and Other Arrangements at the Kilsilano Theatre... Gysa Age (The Way It Began) opens at the Van East Cultural Centre (8:30pm)... Chulu and Manse (7:30pm) and The Whole Hunter (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Catch-22 (7:30 & 9:45pm) at SUB Theatre... Kiss of the Spider Woman (7:00pm) and *Apartment Zero* (9:30pm) at the Starlight...

5 THURSDAY The Presentation Hall Jazz Band of New Orleans at the 86 Street... Gysa Age (The Way It Began) with guests MCA artists Blue Aeroplanes at the Commodore... The Slayers and Blackbarns at the Town Pump... Charlie Musselwhite at the Yale... UBC Music for Summer Evenings Concert Series featuring chamber music at the UBC Recital Hall (8pm, free)... Love and Other Arrangements at the Kilsilano Theatre... Gysa Age (The Way It Began) continues at the Van East Cultural Centre (8:30pm)... Chulu and Manse (7:30pm) and The Whole Hunter (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... Flashback (7:30 & 9:45pm) at SUB Theatre... Kiss of the Spider Woman (7:00pm) and *Apartment Zero* (9:30pm) at the Starlight...

6 FRIDAY Rounder artist Sleepy La Beaf with Herald Nix at the Town Pump... Charlie Musselwhite at the Yale... Grapes of Wrath at the Commodore (7pm all ages show, 10pm drinks show)... Love and Other Arrangements at the Kilsilano Theatre... Gysa Age (The Way It Began) continues at the Van East Cultural Centre (8:30pm)... *Celtica Festival* opens at New Brighton Park (12-11pm)... *Forbidden Planet* (7:30pm) and *2001: A Space Odyssey* (9:25pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

7 SATURDAY Edmonton's Ninth Configuration at the Yale... Sleepy La Beaf with Herald Nix at the Town Pump... Charlie Musselwhite at the Yale... Love and Other Arrangements at the Kilsilano Theatre... Gysa Age (The Way It Began) continues at the Van East Cultural Centre (8:30pm)... *Celtica Festival* at New Brighton Park (12-11pm)... *Forbidden Planet* (7:30pm) and *2001: A Space Odyssey* (9:25pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... The Little Mermaid (2:30, 7:30 & 9:45pm) at SUB Theatre...

8 SUNDAY Chaba Fadela from Algeria at the Town Pump... EQ at Club

88. Gysa Age (The Way It Began) continues at the Van East Cultural Centre (8:30pm)... La Noite Brava (7:30pm) and *The Gospel According to Matthew* (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque... The Little Mermaid (7:30 & 9:45pm) at SUB Theatre...

9 MONDAY Chief Oatis Odeabe at Sattimo... Morgan Davis at the Yale... Gysa Age (The Way It Began) continues at the Van East Cultural Centre (8:30pm)... La Noite Brava (7:30pm) and *The Gospel According to Matthew* (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

10 TUESDAY Morgan Davis at the Yale... Gysa Age (The Way It Began) continues at the Van East Cultural Centre (8:30pm)... Love and Other Arrangements at the Kilsilano Theatre...

11 WEDNESDAY CITR presents The Lone artist Robyn Hitchcock solo at Tom Lee Music Hall... Oh Yeahwith guests Spie Doctors at the Town Pump... Professor Blues Band at the Yale... CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... Gysa Age (The Way It Began) continues at the Van East Cultural Centre (8:30pm)... Love and Other Arrangements at the Kilsilano Theatre... The Age of Success (7:30pm) and *First Son* (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

12 THURSDAY State of Mind at the Town Pump... Tammy and the Americans at the WISE Hall... Professor Blues Band at the Yale... CITR Cool Thursdays in the Pit Pub... Gysa Age (The Way It Began) continues at the Van East Cultural Centre (8:30pm)... Love and Other Arrangements at the Kilsilano Theatre... The Age of Success (7:30pm) and *First Son* (9:35pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

13 FRIDAY Enigma artists DOA with guests Spaxx and T.T. Racer at the Commodore... BMG artist Michael Penn and Capitol artist Lloyd Cole with guest Victoria Williams at 86 Street... Last Wild Sons with guests Spin Doctors at the Town Pump... Professor Blues Band at the Yale... Vancouver Folk Music Festival starts at Jericho Beach Park... Gysa Age (The Way It Began) continues at the Van East Cultural Centre (8:30pm)... Love and Other Arrangements at the Kilsilano Theatre... The Trip (7:30pm) and *Blow Up* (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

14 SATURDAY CITR presents Tropical Fever #1 at the Commodore... Modeline from San Francisco at the Lux... Roots Roundup at the Town Pump... Professor Blues Band at the Yale... Vancouver Folk Music Festival continues at Jericho Beach Park... Gysa Age (The Way It Began) continues at the Van East Cultural Centre (8:30pm)... The Trip (7:30pm) and *Blow Up* (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

15 SUNDAY Smugglers with Elvis Lovelich at the Town Pump... Vancouver Folk Music Festival closes at Jericho Beach Park... Hawks and Sparrows (7:30pm) and *Oedipus Rex* (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

16 MONDAY Ras Posse from Jamaica with Roots Radics and Charlie Chin at the Town Pump... Mute artists Erasure with guests Mute artists Nitzer Ebb at the Coliseum... Billy Branch & The Sons of Blues at the Yale... Hawks and Sparrows (7:30pm) and *Oedipus Rex* (9:15pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

17 TUESDAY Billy Branch & The Sons of Blues at the Yale...

18 WEDNESDAY London, Ontario's Legend Killers at the Town Pump... Billy Branch & The Sons of Blues at the Yale... CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... Surrogate Mother (7:30pm) and *Adada* (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

19 THURSDAY Goliath with

guests Justie Sane and Mad Dirt at the Town Pump... Billy Branch & The Sons of Blues at the Yale... CITR Cool Thursdays in the Pit Pub... Surrogate Mother (7:30pm) and *Adada* (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

20 FRIDAY Roots Roundup, Snatchers, Last Wild Sons, Sandy Scot and a Herald Nix at the Commodore... Scramblers at the Town Pump... National Velvet with guests Sh at 86 Street... Billy Branch & The Sons of Blues at the Yale... Walkabouts at the University Sports Bar (Seattle)... Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime (7:30pm) and *Fahrenheit 451* (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

21 SATURDAY Legend Killers at the Railway... National Velvet at the Paramount... Mordam artists Victims Family with Supercassette Fertilizer at the Lux... Billy Branch & The Sons of Blues at the Yale... Walkabouts at the University Sports Bar (Seattle)... Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime (7:30pm) and *Fahrenheit 451* (9:20pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

22 SUNDAY Cruz artists All at the Town Pump... 5th Annual La Quessa Festival at the Town Pump... Love and Other Arrangements at the Kilsilano Theatre... War Contest at the Yale... *Teorema* (7:30pm) and *Pigsty* (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

23 MONDAY Enigma artists ORI at the New York Theatre... David Raven at the Yale... *Teorema* (7:30pm) and *Pigsty* (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

24 TUESDAY David Raven at the Yale...

25 WEDNESDAY David Raven at the Town Pump... David Raven at the Yale... CITR Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub... The Given Word (8:00) at Pacific Cinematheque...

26 THURSDAY David Raven at the Town Pump... The Toasters at the Yale... Wynon Marsalis at the Commodore... CITR Cool Thursdays in the Pit Pub... Dreams from China and House of Unamerican Activities (7:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

27 FRIDAY Restless artists from Los Angeles Screaming Silents with guests Nervous Fellas at the Commodore... Ontario's Bourbon Tabernacle Choir at the Town Pump... Peter Oetoushko and Dean McGraw at the WISE Hall... The Toasters at the Yale... Privilege (7:30pm) and *Wild in the Streets* (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

28 SATURDAY Touch & Go artists The Diddits at the Lux... Ontario's Bourbon Tabernacle Choir at the Town Pump... The Toasters at the Yale... Mission Folk Festival with Azangas Marimba, Bach Porch Blues, Nyeiz, Dumela, Louise Rose, Roy Forbes, Chorus Ensemble and others at the Fraser River Heritage Park (Mission, 826-5937)... 86 Amateur Dancers' Association and UBC Dance (9:00pm) Dance for Strength 10-hour ballroom dance-gnathon at Robson Square (noon-10pm)... Garage Sale/Recycling Fair at McInnes Field (10am-5pm)... Privilege (7:30pm) and *Wild in the Streets* (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

29 SUNDAY Notes for an African Orestes (7:30pm) and *Medea* (9:00pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

30 MONDAY Zydeco with Major Handy at the Yale... Notes for an African Orestes (7:30pm) and *Medea* (9:00pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...

31 TUESDAY Dubois at the Town Pump... Big Joe Duskin & The Demons at the Yale...

1 WEDNESDAY Big Joe Duskin & The Demons at the Yale... Hot Wednesdays in the Pit Pub, music by CITR... La Noite (7:15pm) and *L'Eclisse* (9:30pm) at Pacific Cinematheque...



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EACH NIGHT

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681-YALE

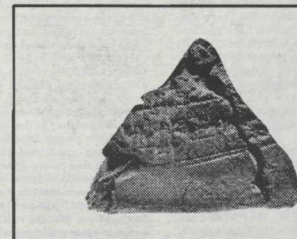
VANCOUVER'S HOTTEST BLUES NIGHTCLUB

- Jul. 1 - 2 - Jack Lavin and the Demons Jam Session
- Jul. 3 - 7 - Charlie Musselwhite
- Jul. 9 - 10 - Morgan Davis
- Jul. 11 - 14 - Professor Blues Band
- Jul. 16 - 21 - Billy Branch & The Sons of Blues
- Jul. 22 - **SPECIAL JAM SESSION** - Blues Guitar Wars Contest
- Jul. 23 - 25 - David Raven
- Jul. 26 - 28 - The Toasters
- Jul. 30 - Zydeco with Major Handy
- Jul. 31 - Aug. 4 - Big Joe Duskin & The Demons

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U.B.C.



If you really want to know any Central American city or town or village, the thing to do is to find the centre and then slowly work your way out. The centre of the centre is a square known as Parque Central. The centre is the heart, the start of everything: history/culture/commerce/law/politics/religion. If you ask someone in Managua where the centre is, that person will shrug and smile: "There is no centre." And if you look at a map you will see for yourself that physically this is so; the city is a crazy bug sticking its gangly legs out all haphazard. Well there is the old centre and you can go there but no one calls it the centre anymore.

One morning early in May we go there, my sister and I, we leave our little USDOLLARSONLY hospedaje in the Barrio Martha Quezada, a friendly residential neighborhood characterized by burned-out Ladas, sagging power lines and a bunch of plywood houses, a few with tacked-up homemade signs proclaiming THERE'S MILK or WE HAVE EGGS- the Nicaraguan version of 7-11. We turn left, in the direction of the highly polluted Lake Managua. A wide tree-lined boulevard goes all the way to the lakeshore and we walk along the broken bumpy sidewalk, the incredible heat and humidity pressing fierce. There's no traffic. There's no people. There's no apartment blocks/stores/bars/gas stations/parking lots/schools/offices. In other words, NOTHING. This used to be the core of the city but now there's just empty lots stretching out on either side of the boulevard, their burnt brown expanse littered with garbage and chunks of metal and concrete and glass. Away off in the distance are the charred skeletons of two or three buildings, remains of the big earthquake of '72 and the big fighting of '78/'79. It's very very quiet.

Once in a while we pass a piece of wall still standing and it is covered with either a revolutionary mural praising Industry and Agriculture and The Worker or, more likely, it is covered with spraypainted political slogans/logos/caricatures. Most flat surfaces in Nicaragua are covered with election graffiti: a smattering for the PSC, the PRY and the communists, a few more for Comorro's UNO party (NOW OR NEVER! YES WE CAN!) but hundreds and hundreds for Daniel (as he is known and referred to here) and the FSLN: FSLN FOR PEACE, FSLN FOR THE FUTURE, DANIEL FOR CHILDREN. EVERYTHING WILL BE BETTER YET is the big one, along with Daniel and his running mate Sergio wearing military garb and looking serious or Daniel and Sergio surrounded by children looking happy and confident.

Finally, suddenly, we're at the centre of this old centre, a big asphalt square that once was called Parque Central. On one side is a dingy park with rusting playground equipment, a fountain making the water spray a few metres, men sprawled on dirty concrete benches to the left, on the lakeshore, is the ugly Teatro Ruben Dario. To the right is the colonial-style building that was the National Palace during the Somoza years, then the Palace of Heroes of the Revolution during the Sandanista years but now is just closed, although the giant colour portrait of Sandino is still in front. Directly ahead is the Cathedral. There are a lot of Churches in Central America and they are pretty but after a while they all look pretty much the same. The Cathedral is not pretty or pretty much the same. Blackened by bombs and dust, a tattered red and black Sandanista flag flies from the cross at the top of the right tower. The cross on the left one is toppled. Some boys sit in these towers, peering out through

the busted wooden shutters- they live here. A couple more lean against the cracked pillars where the door used to be. I'll wait here, my sister says. Nicaragua gives her "the creeps." And leave the camera.

By the time I get to the steps the boys are gone. Like the rest of the old centre the Cathedral is quiet and destroyed. Inside I walk through the weeds coming up through the floor and look at the crumbling grimy statues, the wrecked altar, the windows where the stained glass was and the pictures of Jesus doing this and that, faded from the sun coming in through a roof reduced to a few crossbeams. I don't go up the crazy crooked tower stairs where the boys are waiting silent in the dark.

I join my sister at the little stand in the park where she is drinking a Coke. Can't Beat That Feeling even in Nicaragua, where Coca Cola is one of the few signs of overt American influence (albeit in the old bottles). Coke is more expensive than the local drink but I have to have one anyway. Nearby a few of the listless men are clustered around another stand. "Fucking Americans, they're all the same!" says one, significantly loud. "Why can't they stay out of our country and leave us the fuck alone?" My Spanish isn't that good but good enough to get it. We hastily hand back the empties and sink off through the rubble.

On the way back to the barrio we pass a strange USDOLLARSONLY FSLN giftshop in the middle of nowhere, selling election posters and Daniel t-shirts and combat boots, and further along, the half-completed Ernesto Che Guevara Housing Development. At the hospedaje we sit around sweating in the courtyard with the underfed resident rat, a young Spaniard who's always running off to mysterious appointments and was here last year when everyone was "more open," and an old Mexican-American hippie vegetable vendor from Florida who is trying to sell the new government or the old government or anyone who will just listen for five minutes on a microwave communications system. We talk half in English half in Spanish, about news/rumours/observations. The new government has just outlawed the use of the word "campanero," the standard form of address in the country and the rough Spanish equivalent to "comrade." On the front page of La Prensa (founded and run by the Comorro family), La Prensa, wearing white and looking odd like a hostage, "negotiates" with camouflage-clad contra boss Franklin and his boys, who've just reneged on a promise to give up all arms and men. The rest of the newspaper contains much passionate talk about Democracy and Freedom, interspersed with fullpage Congratulations Violetta announcements; meanwhile the UNOs revoke the law that made it illegal to fire an employee for political beliefs or affiliations. At the swankiest hotel in town, the lobby newstand sells postcards showing armed Sandanistas happily going off to work in the fields. In the streets the mode of dress is overwhelmingly Daniel and Sergio election t-shirts or military togas of unidentified origin. The licence plates on all vehicles say NICARAGUA LIBRE.

The old hippie and the Spaniard go off to make "telephone calls." My sister and I go out in search of cold drinks. Just up the street, near the boarded up cinema still advertising a Mexican War movie, there's a little building with a glowing sign that says DISFRUTE COCA COLA and TACOS. We enter and sure enough people are sitting around the few

wooden tables eating tacos. On the walls are a Daniel Presidente poster, a technicolour portrait of Ernesto Che Guevaro and a poster of the same with the caption WE WANNA BE LIKE CHE!, a Sandanista army recruitment poster, a sticker that says change South Africa Not Nicaragua, and a personalized British Columbia license plate with the initials FSLN. Behind the counter a smiling middle-aged man is cracking ice for Iquados with a hammer while in the background RADIOYA plays the standard Central American mix of lambada, Top 40 circa 1984, salsa, and current Latin pop which is really any Phil Spector tune with different lyrics. Just your basic everyday revolutionary Chok'it Shoppe.

We order drinks (they don't sell Coke) and tell Pop we're from the same place as the license plate. He calls us out of the kitchen to meet us. Sis brings her massive currency collection (mostly Soviet/ Cuban/ Nicaraguan) and proudly points out a couple of 1980 Cuban twenties signed by the great guerrilla himself as Presidente del Banco. Mom takes a break from taco slinging to tell us which faces on the bills are the "good ones" and which are the "bad ones": forget about him, he was in the Somozas, terrible! Mom goes back to the tacos. Sis talks about the neighborhood. Two throats all in the Mercado orientale last week. Suddenly there's a bunch of men with machine guns walking around at night and no one knows why. She had to quit her French nightschool classes because it's too dangerous to be out after dark now. Her eyes dart this way and that. Pop's already been told once by the authorities to get this commie crap off the walls. Pop refused. There's rumours though of a big crackdown coming soon, with all signs of Sandanista fervor to be erased, removed. No doubt there's a law brewing right now. She leans to us confidentially: I think the Americans are getting ready to invade.

Junior sits down at the table. Don't be stupid, he says. They have to have a reason first. Junior studies computer science and architecture but his passion is the revolution. He gives us a condensed history of the Sandanistas, throwing in scientific equations, economic theory, a beginner's revolutionary reading list (everything by Omar Cabezas and Eduardo Galeano), production and literary figures, and a few good socialist anecdotes: Before the revolution, if you were thirsty and went to a door for a glass of water they'd say "Ten centavos" but afterwards it was "Sure! Come on in! Can we get you some coffee? How about a sandwich?" Of course, he says, this is my whole life. It's what my parents believe in, what all my campan-er, my amigos have been working together for all these years. And now it's like we're up against a brick wall; the same place we were before the revolution. No one knows what's happening.

Junior jumps up and runs to the kitchen coming back with a copy of El Acero de Guero O El Oliva de Paz, a collection of Daniel's speeches. On the title page Junior scrawls: In the knowledge that adversity will never be stronger than our own Nicaraguan forces and with a profound security in the strength of our battles, we will fulfill our every duty, Managua, May 1990.

He gives it to us. It's getting late: TACOS is closing up. A song I've never heard before comes on the radio. Oh, says Junior, smiling a little bit, I like this one. It's about the rain of hope falling on the land.

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THE CHURCH THURSDAY JULY 5

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10 PERFORMERS

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A SOLO EVENING WITH

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ROBYN HITCHCOCK WEDNESDAY JULY 11

TOM LEE MUSIC HALL
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with special guest **ROUGH TRADE** recording artist

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FRIDAY JULY 13

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